

3 a.m.

Gregory Alan Isakov

Well its 3 AM again, like it always seems to be
Drivin' northbound, drivin' homeward, drivin' wind is drivin' me
And it just seems so funny that I always end up here,
Walkin outside in the storm while looking way up past the tree-
line
It's been some time...

Give me darkness when I'm dreaming
Give me moonlight when I'm leaving
Give me shoes that weren't made for standing
Give me tree-line, give me big sky, get me snow-
bound, give me rain clouds give me a bed time...just sometimes

Now you're talkin in my room, but there ain't nobody here
Cuz I've been driving like a trucker, I been burnin' through the gears
I've been training like a soldier, I've been burnin' through this sorrow,
And the only talkin lately is that background radio...

You were my friend, and I was the same
Riding that hope was like catching some train
Well now I just walk, well I dont mind the rain
But I've been singing so much softer than I did back then

The night, I think, is darker than we can really say
And god's been living in that ocean, sending us all the big waves
And I wish I was a sailor so I could know just how to trust,
Maybe I could bring some grace back home to the dryland for all of us

Say what you say, you say it so well
Just say you will wait, like snow on the rail
I been combing that train yard for some kind of sign
Even my own self, it just don't seem mine

Give me darkness when I'm dreaming, give me moonlight when I'm leaving
Give me mustang horse and muscle, cuz I wont be goin gentle
Give me slant-eye looks when I'm lying, give me fingers when I'm crying
And I aint out there to cheat you, see I killed that damn coyote in me...